And to him in his Barge with former hyes,
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight,
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shalbe diſcouerd, pleaſe you ſit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus?* hee can reſolue you, O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline* and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come aboord, what is your will?

Helly. That hee haue his, call vp ſome Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordſhip call?

Helli. Gentlemen there is ſome of worth would come aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would reſolue you.

Lyſ. Hayle reuerent Syr, the Gods preſerue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Li. You wiſh mee well, beeing on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Syr our veſſell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not ſpoken to anie one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Li. Vpon what ground is his diſtemperature?

Hell Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe ſprings frō the loſſe of a beloued daughter & a wife.

Li. May wee not ſee him?

Hell.